

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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TERMS IN ADVANCE.

No. 277.

THE ROSEBUD'S COMPLAINT.

BY G. RENE WOOD.

One day a little drop of rain upon a rosebud fell,

'That nestled 'mong its sister-buds within a lovely dell.'

The rosebud shuddered at the touch, and rousing all its pride,

Looked on its wet, disordered dress, and thus complaining cried:

"Why dost thou thus my prospects blight, and check my bright career,

While others not so fair as I have naught from you to fear?

"To-morrow would have seen my leaves to the bright sun unfold;

Now I must mold, decay and die, wet, shivering and cold."

"Thou foolish bud," the rain-drop said, "why dost thou complain,

That on thy vain and thoughtless head descends a drop of rain?"

"But for it—and its worth to thee—to-morrow's sun would bright,

And wither from thy slender stem thy every leaf so bright."

When death with a relentless hand some cherishing one removes,

We murmur—there the thought occurs—"God chastens whom He loves."

And like the bud—without this grief—without these chastening blows

Which He inflicts—our souls would blight—not bloom in worlds above.

The Flying Yankee: or, THE OCEAN OUTCAST.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE OF 1812.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEAMAN'S DEVOTION.

HAVING made the reader aware of the circumstance of the flags of the brig-of-war *Vulture* being at half-mast, and explained who it was resting beneath the funeral canopy upon her decks, I will now continue on with my story, taking up the thread where it was broken, to present to the reader's eye those characters in this romance who are most conspicuously brought forward.

Standing by the brig's gangway, as Lieutenant Ainslie and Midshipman Bernard descended into the cutter to be rowed ashore, was a tall, ungainly seaman, whose appearance was only remarkable for its peculiarity.

Over six feet in height, awkwardly but powerfully formed, with long, swinging arms and immense breadth of chest, the man's appearance indicated great strength, without any sign of agility, to the casual observer; but, though looking awkward and lumbering, his every motion was catlike in quickness, and his dark, restless eyes were ever on the alert.

Though remarkable in form, the face of the individual was even more remarkable, for the head was small, the mouth immense and overhung by an enormous nose, while the eyes were bright, large, and as beautiful in expression as a woman's.

Who the man was, where he hailed from, or what his name, none knew, for he had been found aboard the brig when she sailed from Portsmouth, gave no account of himself, and only said, when the paymaster asked his name:

"Put me down as Stranger, please, sir."

And as Stranger he was entered upon the brig's roll, as a first-class seaman, for such he soon proved himself to be.

Inoffensive, and holding friendly intercourse with none of the crew, the seaman soon began to jibe him upon his awkward form and ugliness, all of which Stranger bore without a word, until, upon one occasion, a party of his messmates made some slurring remarks upon his parentage, and as quick as a flash of light he sprang into their midst, seized the two insulters in his powerful arms, and hurled them overboard into the sea.

"Man overboard!" rung the cry; the brig was brought up into the wind, a boat was lowered, and the two men were saved and brought aboard, both, however, fearfully frightened.

An investigation of the matter caused Captain Duncan to order Stranger up to the mast, to be punished with the "cat"—a punishment he received, in spite of the earnest entreaties of Lieutenant Moncrief, and other officers, in behalf.

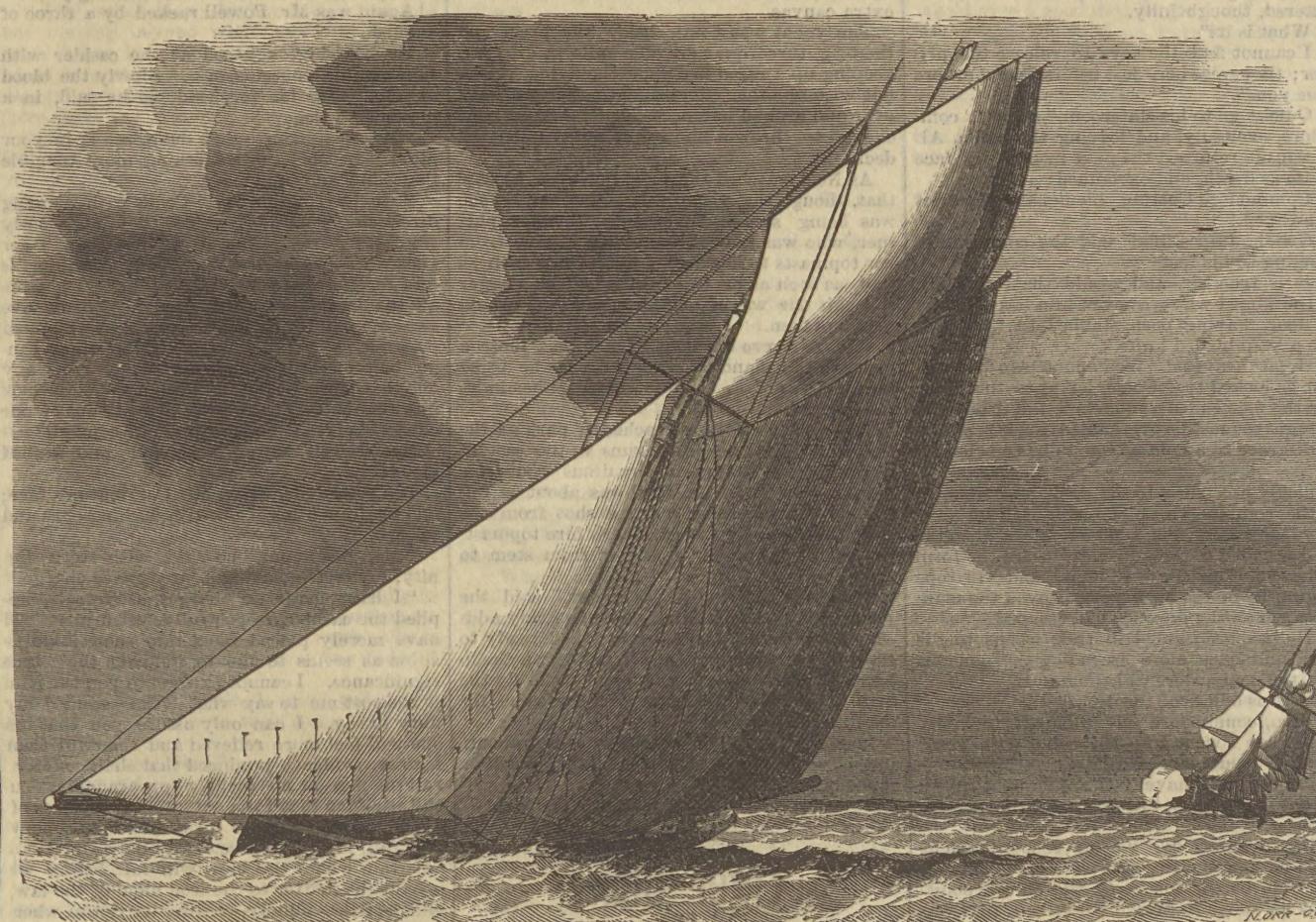
Stranger took the lash without a murmur, and, when released, stepped forward, took the hand of Noel Moncrief, raised it to his lips silently, and walked forward, the simple act causing a sneer upon the face of Horace Duncan, while others were deeply touched by this simple mode of thanks.

A few months more, and again Stranger became an object of ridicule among his messmates, and, unmindful of his former punishment, he was about to spring upon his foes, when the ringing voice of Noel Moncrief, who was officer of the deck, and had witnessed the whole affair, restrained him, and, like a whipped schoolboy, he slunk away.

"Mr. Bernard, have that gang of seamen walked aft here, sir," called out Noel to the young reefer, and he pointed to the men who had been teasing the deformed seaman.

The order was quickly obeyed, and five of the crew, those whom Noel had marked as the offenders, were brought aft, and the young lieutenant said, in stern tones:

"Men, I am going to have no more of this worry brought upon a poor unfortunate man,



The brig, three quarters of a mile astern, was keeping up a rapid fire upon the flying vessel.

whom God has not made as well-formed as you are; some months ago Stranger was severely punished for defending himself, when driven to madness by your taunts, and I now intend you five shall suffer the same punishment.

"Boatswain, pipe all hands aft to see punishment administered."

The "cat" was well laid on, and from that day poor Stranger received no more jeers from his messmates, and from that day also he became the devoted friend of Noel Moncrief.

Thus he was standing quietly by the gangway, watching the departure of Lieutenant Ainslie for the shore, when, as the officer got into the boat, the buckle of his sword-belt broke in twain.

"Here, sir, take this sword-belt into the cabin, and bring me another you will find lying upon the table," he called out, and springing forward, Stranger eagerly seized the belt and darted into the cabin, his face lit up with a strange light, as if of triumph.

An instant only was he gone, when he returned with the belt and handed it to the young lieutenant, who at once gave the order to the men to let fall their oars and give way.

In one of the officers' staterooms upon the brig, as she sailed up the harbor toward her anchorage, there was one person seated in solemn and gloomy thought; for the return home, after a two years' cruise, presented to him no bright side, no happy picture.

An instant only was he gone, when he returned with the belt and handed it to the young lieutenant, who at once gave the order to the men to let fall their oars and give way.

As the officer, for his dress indicated him to be such, moved to get a better view through the port, as a change in the brig's course brought her broadside to the city, the sound of chains broke on the ear, and it could be seen that each ankle was encircled by an iron band chaining him to the floor.

The man in irons was Noel Moncrief, who was returning to his home and native land with the blood of his superior officer upon his hands.

"Oh, God!" he murmured, "to thus return, when only two short years ago all seemed to me so bright, and I looked forward with joy to the moment when the brig would again drop anchor here."

"Did you call, sir?" suddenly asked a voice, and the form of a marine stood in the doorway.

"No, sir; close the door and keep out," sternly said Noel.

"I certainly heard you speak," answered the man, suspiciously.

"That may be; I was talking to myself; but why this extra watchfulness?"

"We are getting into port now, lieutenant, and you have many friends aboard, who would not like to see you hanged, and I intend to see that you do not escape," insolently said the marine.

"Am I to be obeyed, sir? I ordered you to your post outside that door."

"You are not on the quarter-deck now, lieutenant," said the man, menacingly, as he withdrew, muttering some unkind words to himself against the chained officer, for he was one of

the five that Noel had had punished, for their conduct toward the deformed seaman.

For some time he sat in silence, heard the order from the deck to take in sail and lower away the stream-anchor, and shortly afterward saw the boat, containing Lieutenant Ainslie and Midshipman Bernard row away toward the city.

"Yes, there they go to make my crime, as it will be called, known to the world; yet I do not blame poor Ainslie, for stern duty alone compels him to act as my foe.

"Hark! listen to the hum from the city, and mingling with it is the sound of a brass band."

"Ah! me! I fear there is no hope for me, as I will be called, known to the world; yet I do not blame poor Ainslie, for stern duty alone compels him to act as my foe."

Suddenly he ceased, and leaning his arms upon the iron gun he rested his head thereon, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

How long he slept he knew not, but he awoke to find that all was still around him, except the measured tread of the officer of the deck as he paced to and fro upon his lonely watch.

The hum from the town had ceased, and only a light here and there glimmered from the dark masses of houses, showing that the night was creeping on apace.

Suddenly he ceased, and leaning his arms upon the iron gun he rested his head thereon, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

"No, good Stranger, I will not fly; I will remain and stand my trial, and bravely meet my end. Thank you for this noble act upon your part; so give me your hand and return at once ere you are discovered."

"It is too late now to retract."

"Why, what mean you? Were you seen to come here?"

"No, but you forget the marine."

"Ha! what of him? how did you pass the man on duty?"

"That sentinel's off duty forever."

"Do you mean he's dead?" asked Noel, in a low tone.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What! you—"

"Yes, I slew him only a few moments since, and if you do not fly I will remain and suffer with you."

Noel Moncrief dropped his head in his hands and pondered a moment, and then said:

"Stranger, my good man, you have conquered, for though I would not fly to save myself, I know if I remain both of us must die, and you shall not suffer death for me. Unluck my manacles."

Gladly the seaman released Noel of his chains, and then, stepping forward, he locked the stateroom door, and drew from beneath his shirt a short rope which he fastened to the gun-carriage.

"Now slip down quickly into the water, lieutenant."

"You go first."

"Will you follow, sir?"

"I will."

Without another word the seaman gently and noiselessly lowered himself into the water, and the next moment was followed by Noel.

"Now let us float with the tide, which is setting in," whispered Stranger, and releasing the hold upon the rope the two men were borne swiftly away up the harbor, undiscovered by the officer of the deck, as he leaned idly upon a gun-carriage and gazed toward the sleeping town.

"What, you have the keys?"

"Yes, sir, I knew where the lieutenant kept them, for I saw him place them in a drawer in his cabin, and, by good fortune, to-night, he sent me there on an errand, and I secured them."

"Stranger, you are a noble fellow, and I will not gain my liberty and leave you to suffer, as you certainly would have to do."

"I will go with you, lieutenant, for I would give my life for you," answered the seaman.

"I expect to die, Stranger."

"Not if I can save you; come let me unlock your manacles."

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"Stranger, you are a noble fellow, and I will not gain my liberty and leave you to suffer, as you certainly would have to do."

"I will go with you, lieutenant, for I would give my life for you,"

and be Cain-cursed forever. No, I hate him, and you shall be mine."

"Never, sir!"

Both started at the stern, deep voice, and glancing up saw before them the tall, manly form of Noel Moncrief, for the moon, upon the wane, was just rising over the forest and fell brightly upon the spot where they stood.

"Noel! thank God you have come!" and with a glad cry Eve threw herself into his arms, while Clarence, in dismay, laid his hand upon his sword-hilt.

"Wait, Eve, and listen to me."

"A few hours ago the Vulture dropped anchor in Portsmouth harbor, but with no rejoicing did she return after her long and successful cruise, for upon her decks lay the dead form of her captain—"

"Killed!"

"Yes, Eve, slain by my hand, in a duel, ere we left Havana."

"Oh, my God, my poor, poor heart will break!" cried Eve, while Clarence, whose whole nature seemed to have turned to bitterness, said harshly:

"You are a murderer then, sir?"

"Listen to me, sir! Eve, this is no time for tears, for I would have you hear me."

"Yes, I slew him, after first disarming him and giving him his life; for months I bore with him for your sweet sake, and had he not at length spoken evil of you, I would have still suffered on until our return home; but, he went too far; he fell by my hand, and I was brought home in irons."

"An hour since I escaped; how it matters not, but I would not have done so had not a noble man implicated himself in my behalf; and, taking a skiff, I came on here, to make known to you and to my father all, after which I intended to seek a foreign land, where if you loved me I wished you to join me."

"Noel, I will follow you to the uttermost ends of the earth!" cried Eve, passionately, as she placed her hands firmly upon his shoulder.

"Never! that woman is mine, and never shall she be the wife of another man!" and drawing his sword Clarence leaped forward.

"Brother! Clarence! beware, or you may go far!"

"What do you threaten me?" and with a bitter cry of hatred Clarence sprung forward with drawn sword.

"Oh, God have mercy, but this is terrible!" cried Eve, covering her face with her hands.

"Stand aside, Eve; I will not hurt him," said Noel, and quickly drawing his sword the two blades crossed, flashed for one instant in the moonlight, and the weapon of Clarence was struck from his hand.

With another cry of hatred, he drew a pistol, and fired it full in the face of his brother, but, anticipating it, Noel struck it up with his sword, and the ball passed above his head.

Instantly the hand of Clarence again sought his belt for another pistol; but quickly Noel sprang forward, and his sword passed through the body of his brother, who fell with a stifled moan to the ground.

"Eve, I have killed him. Now I care not to live."

"Noel, you must live. Fly, for already I hear the house alarmed. For my sake fly."

"Whither?"

"Come with me, sir; quick, or escape will be impossible," said the stern voice of Stranger, who had hastened to the spot when he heard the clash of swords.

"No, good Stranger, save yourself, and here is my belt of gold."

"No, sir, you must come with me," answered the seaman, firmly.

"Yes, for my sake, fly, Noel," and Eve threw her arms around him with passionate earnestness.

One close embrace, and then, led by Stranger, Noel strode rapidly away in the direction of the skiff.

"Yonder is a yacht; let us take that, for then we have some chance."

"All right, my man; it belongs to me," and the excitement of escape causing him to, momentarily, forget the deed his hand had wrought, and the misery he had left behind him, Noel sprang on board the little vessel, already mentioned as moored to the pier; the sails were raised with lightning rapidity, the hawsers cast loose, and, feeling the wind, the graceful Dart swung clear of the dock, and with her master at the helm stretched across the bay, just as a glance astern showed that an alarmed crowd from the mansion had arrived at the spot, where lay the body of Clarence Moncrief, with Eve Eldred standing in an agony of grief beside it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

COMMODORE CUTTING was so much distressed at the sad news brought him by Lieutenant Ainslie, for both Captain Duncan and Noel Moncrief he greatly liked, that he determined, as soon as the gues's had departed, to go aboard the brig and see Noel, to endeavor to glean from him all particulars in his favor, regarding the duel and its fatal termination.

So deciding, he escorted the party, who had been his guests, down to the water's edge where the barge awaited them, and refraining, through a kindness of heart, from informing Clarence that his brother had been brought home in irons, he merely asked him to come in with the governor, his father, at an early hour the following morning, as he was desirous of seeing them upon a matter of great importance.

Clarence promised, and bidding the commo-

dore good-night, and thanking him for his generous hospitality, the barge shoved off, and the crew, singing a merry song in chorus, headed up the river.

Returning to his mansion he sat down to write some dispatches, and then calling to his servant, ordered his private cutter to await his coming at the foot of the street.

"Yes, I will go on board, and learn fully all about this sad affair, so that in the morning I can make known the full particulars to his father and brother. Poor, rash boy! I fear he must die," and so saying the commodore wrapped himself up in his heavy cloak, and putting guns there, and as soon as you can get range, send a ball after yonder schooner."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Commodore Cutting, your barge is still alongside," said a reefer, coming aft, and politely saluting his superior.

"Give way, men; coxswain, steer for the brig-of-war anchored below, and mind you, do not let it be known to the crew who I am."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the coxswain, and with measured stroke the cutter moved away, and in a short while was hauled from the Vulture, with:

"Boat, ahoy!"
"Dispatches for the commander," answered the commodore.

"Come alongside."

"Ay, ay," and the next instant Commodore Cutting stood on the deck of the Vulture, and was met by Lieutenant Ainslie, who, recognizing him immediately, conducted him into the cabin.

"Ainslie, I could not sleep, so I have come on board to have a talk with you and poor Moncrief."

"I am glad to see you, commodore. Be seated, sir, and I will send for him," politely answered the young lieutenant.

"No, I would not be seen by the crew. Go for him, and also bring young Bernard, for if there is anything in favor of the poor fellow I would find it out."

"I thank you, Commodore Cutting, and I trust sincerely Moncrief may be spared, for a better officer or nobler man never lived," answered the lieutenant, warmly, as he went to the table drawer to search for the keys that unlocked Noel's manacles.

"Strange, I always keep them here," he muttered, thoughtfully.

"What is it?"
"I cannot find the keys to release the prisoner; they were here just before I went ashore to see you."

"Quick! go to his stateroom," said the commodore, excitedly, and leaving the cabin, Alden Ainslie returned the next instant, his face as pale as death, and exclaimed:

"Commodore Cutting, Lieutenant Moncrief has escaped."

"Gone? Impossible!" said the commodore, springing to his feet.

"It is true, sir, and would that were all; but the guard who was over him lies dead by the door, having been stabbed to the heart with a keen-bladed knife."

"Great heavens! Lieutenant Ainslie, this must be looked to. Come, let us to the deck; have the men called to quarters, and if possible the fugitive must be overhauled, for it is a lasting disgrace to a man-of-war to be thus bearded."

Quickly ascending the deck, accompanied by the commodore, Lieutenant Ainslie gave orders to call the men to quarters, and then the two descended to the gun-deck, where the form of the dead marine was found, and the rope hanging from the open port, proved the man in which the prisoner had escaped.

"He has been aided in this; let us to the deck," and once more ascending the quarter-deck, the commodore called out:

"Who is officer of the deck?"

"I am, commodore; Mr. Bennett took my place when I went into the cabin with you," answered Lieutenant Ainslie.

"Mr. Bennett, have you seen aught going on, that is a clue to this escape of the prisoner?"

"No, commodore; yonder schooner-yacht passed us shortly after you went below, giving us a wide berth," answered the officer, pointing as he spoke toward a white sail, that was flying rapidly seaward.

The eyes of all were turned toward the flying craft, and just then a loud voice hailed from an approaching skiff that came down the river:

"Ho, the brig-of-war!"

"Ahoy! what do you wish?" answered Lieutenant Ainslie.

"Will you bring yonder schooner to? for those now on board of her slew Mr. Moncrief, a short while since," came the answer.

"Ha! here is a clue. Mr. Ainslie, train a gun on the schooner, and Mr. Bennett, let fall the sails, for I will give chase if we fail to bring the yacht to," said the commodore, and he then called to the men to come alongside.

"Well, sir, now give us all the knowledge you have about this matter," said Commodore Cutting, sternly, as the occupants of the skiff, two in number, ascended to the brig's deck.

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"No, sir, you must come with me," answered the seaman, firmly.

"Yes, for my sake, fly, Noel," and Eve threw her arms around him with passionate earnestness.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 276.)

"True, I had forgotten," and stepping to the lee of the brig, he said:

"Coxswain, cast off and row back; let the ladies at home know where I am, and say I expect to return soon."

"Ay, ay, sir," and the cutter dropped rapidly astern, just as a bright glare illuminated the bows of the brig, the deep voice of a gun roared angrily forth upon the still night air, and reverberated through the quiet streets of the town in many a rumbling echo.

"Stranger, the brig is in full chase; doubtless the skipper we saw astern of us has let them know who we are," said Noel Moncrief, calmly, as he stood at the helm of the little yacht, and held her on her course with steady hand.

"Yes, sir, she is in earnest, for yonder comes a gun; but it was aimed wildly," answered the seaman, as the shot flew far to windward, and buried itself in the sea.

"They'll improve by practice, and the moonlight is on their favor."

"No, lieutenant; if the gunners of those bow-guns know it is you that stands on this schooner's deck, take my word for it, their shots will all fly wild, for there are few men in yonder brig but would risk their lives to save you."

"Still we must endeavor all in our power to escape; with our present breeze I believe we will bear her topsails and flying jib."

"Ay, ay, sir," and Strange: sprung nimbly forward, and in a few moments had set the extra canvas.

The yacht was a mile below the town, and the brig, three quarters of a mile astern, was keeping up a rapid fire upon the flying vessel, but with no other effect than to send the balls over and around her, occasionally striking near enough to throw a shower of spray upon the decks.

As Noel watched the brig, however, he saw that, though the yacht was a fast sailer, she was being steadily overhauled by her pursuer, who was now covered with canvas from her topmasts to her decks, and he felt assured that, as soon as his little craft had to stagger through the waves of the ocean, she would soon be taken.

Still his nerve did not fail, nor was there a tremor of his hand upon the tiller, as he urged his little vessel on, his eyes glancing ahead and then astern.

The yacht had now reached a part of the harbor where the channel runs to the east of Great Island, taking a circuitous route for more than a mile, and Noel was about to follow its devious course, when a shot from the brig carried away the schooner's fore-topmast, the shock causing her to shiver from stem to stern.

As Noel watched the brig, however, he saw that, though the yacht was a fast sailer, she was being steadily overhauled by her pursuer, who was now covered with canvas from her topmasts to her decks, and he felt assured that, as soon as his little craft had to stagger through the waves of the ocean, she would soon be taken.

"That is bad for us, Stranger," said the young officer, coolly, and then he quickly added, "By Heaven, I'll risk it! Stand ready to ease off everything!" and putting the helm hard down, Noel sprung forward to let fly the main-sheet, while Stranger did the same for the foresail and jib.

Instantly the little schooner came about, and, close-hauled, stood back in the direction of the brig-of-war.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 276.)

Tiger Dick:

OR,
THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"I will give you the facts, sir, without further remark," replied the cashier. "Three weeks ago, when about to destroy some old papers, I found these bits of half burnt paper in the stove."

He spread before them two pieces of paper, which had been almost wholly destroyed by fire, what was left being badly scorched.

"Your signature, John?" said Mr. Carrington; and then looking closer: "Why, I believe they are imitations."

Mr. Powell gazed upon the seared scraps of paper with a laboring of the chest, and tears that welled in his eyes and confused the lines of writing.

"They are not genuine," he said, in a low tone.

"At first," continued Cecil, "I thought nothing about them; but then it occurred to me that they might be the work of one of the clerks, done in a moment of thoughtlessness, and not with evil purpose. I determined, to preserve them, find out who had written them, and warn him of the danger of a practice which, however innocent in itself, might give rise to ugly suspicions, should a forgery come to light in which he might be implicated. With this purpose, I put them in my desk, and, in the press of other matters, forgot all about them."

"Well, sir, the sequel," said Mr. Carrington. "What makes these bits of paper and the imitated signatures of particular interest at this time, and by what association do they impede the immediate lodgment of the case of burglary with the proper authorities?"

"Mr. Powell, will you look at this draft?" asked the cashier, placing it before him on the desk.

The banker took up the draft with a trembling hand, and tried to examine the signature. It was signed "JOHN POWELL, President;" but, what with the unsteadiness of the paper and the dazzling luster through which he saw it, he could make nothing of the writing. He handed it to his partner, without comment.

Mr. Carrington took the draft and looked at the signature. Gradually a faint indented his brows.

"This is a forgery, Mr. Beaumont, and apparently done by the same person who imitated the signature on the burnt paper. It seems that we have a traitor in our very camp. But what is the connection between this domineering villain and the outside foe? You intimidate me with your skill!"

"Well, sir, the sequel," said Mr. Carrington.

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"Well, sir, the sequel," said Mr. Carrington.

love—to know that you have robbed me! Oh, my boy—my poor, misguided boy!"

With head bowed to his knees, he wrung his hands and moaned and sobbed, while tears, such as only a father can shed, watered the ground at his feet.

Harold Carrington, too, gazed into the desk; and the righteous indignation that blazed in his eyes—those eyes that had looked upon three score years and ten of unwavering integrity—was quenched by the dews of sorrow. His iron frame, that had withstood the storms of seventy winters, now shook beneath the stroke of grief. The head that had been held erect through a long life of uprightness and honor, was now for the first time bowed in shame.

Cecil Beaumont looked into the desk, and saw, just as he himself had placed it, lying loose upon everything else, a sheet of paper covered with the name, "JOHN POWELL, President," and near the bottom an irregular scratch of the pen, as if the writer had been suddenly interrupted. Just beneath it, and shoved a little to one side, was a letter in the handwriting of the true John Powell.

The cashier trembled with suppressed excitement, and his eyelids drooped, to hide the laughing devil that looked from behind the mask.

Suddenly Mr. Carrington was agitated by a storm of bitter indignation, that drove every other feeling from his heart. His breast heaved, his eyes blazed, his grizzled lip quivered with emotion.

"Inebriate—gambler—forger—burglar! It needs but one crime to crown the climax. Let him add murder or suicide to the list, and he will have reached the acme!"

"Stop—stop!" cried the father. "I can not bear that, even from you!"

He arose, took from the desk the paper that branded his son a forger, folded it in the scraps of burnt paper, and touching a match to it, watched it, as it curled up and blackened in the flames.

"Like most things in this world, it all ends in smoke," said Mr. Carrington, sarcastically.

Mr. Powell turned upon his father-in-law with something of the combative in his tones.

"Mr. Carrington," he said, "I do not deplore the enormity of this crime. I offer not one word in extenuation. But, however guilty, he is still my son. You cannot expect me to rivet the felon's chains upon him with my own hand."

"It is nothing that I am called upon to compound a felony," said the old man, sturdily. "Right is right, and justice is justice, be it meted out to Jew or Gentile!"

"Sir, you are not unnatural. You have a heart. Cannot you temper your justice with mercy? Remember, we are none of us without sin. And could you commit your own flesh and blood to a prison and chains? Remember, he is Martha's child—Martha, that took such pride in him, and as she held him on her knee, and brushed the hair from his forehead, pictured with a mother's fond faith in her first-born, the noble manhood that awaited him. Oh, God! does she see him now?"

He broke down again, at the remembrance of his wife. And the old man, thus appealed to in the name of his child, was not unmoved. Slowly his eyes filled. Then a tear trickled down his grizzled beard, and fell upon the back of his hand. He gazed at it; and the counting-room, the stricken father; and all the sin and shame and misery of the present, faded from his memory; and in their place came a bright nursery, with a sunny-haired girl, who displayed before him, with all a young mother's pride, her little curly-headed baby-boy, in his first pants and boots; and, as she clapped her hands in glee, cried:

"I—I—to Tiger Dick?"

She thought him self-condemned by his actions, and covering her face with her hands, said, brokenly:

"No, no; not to Tiger Dick, but to papa. He is at the bank with grandfather."

Fred Powell, hastened by his sister, not stopping to analyze the sudden emotion that had come over him, ascended to his room. Having rearranged his toilet, he passed out on the street again, and walked toward the business part of the city.

On a corner he came across a group of men discussing the last sensation; and, pretending to look into a shop window, he stopped to listen to their conversation.

"Found 'em trussed up like a pair of Christmass turkeys!" one of them was saying, with a coarse laugh. "And the joke of it was, they made the cashier unlock the strong-box and trot out the sponduelinks."

"How did they git in without wakin' 'em up?" asked a bystander.

"Skeleton keys," replied the first speaker.

"And what about Tiger Dick? They say they've got him in the lock-up."

"Too true!" said the first speaker, with a leer that set the others to laughing.

"And did he have his pockets stuffed with skad?"

"Nary skad! Some is uncharitable enough to think that he had a finger in this pie; but old Powell hain't lodged no complaint yet, and so they can't hold the Tiger for nothing but resisting arrest. You see, he plumped right into the arms of Pat Croghan, comin' out of an alleyway; and as they went to grass together, Pat's noddle had a round with a flag stone. It didn't hurt the stone none, but it built an addition on the back of Pat's head. He was as chipper as you please that night, but this morning he ain't so lively, by a few. They'll hang on to the Tiger until they find out how he's goin' to turn out."

Fred passed on, and as he approached the bank discovered that his keys were not in his possession. He searched in every pocket, but they were not to be found. Then he returned to the boat-house, and from there to his home, but with no better success. Giving them up as lost, he again set out for the bank, unconscious of how much depended upon the possession of them.

The door was opened by Cecil, and Fred passed him, with ill-concealed contempt.

Mr. Carrington stood erect in the middle of the room, his piercing eyes fixed immovably on Fred's face. The father gazed sadly, wistfully on his son, noting the marks of recent dissipation. Fred saw the condemnation in their looks, and attributing it to displeasure at the dissipation of which he was actually guilty, and knowing nothing of the blighting suspicion that hung over him, stood before them abashed, with hanging head and downcast eyes.

"Father, you wish to see me?" he said, in a low tone, and he looked a criminal on his defense.

CHAPTER XII.

CONDEMNED WITHOUT A HEARING.

It was late when Fred Powell awoke, after his father's dissipation. What with a splitting headache and remorse of conscience, he was about as wretched as a young man could be.

Emerging from the boat-house, he plunged his head into the river, which, before mingling with the turbid waters of the Mississippi, was a limpid stream. Then he waded home, to refresh his toilet, where May met him at the door in tears.

"Oh, Fred!" she cried, "where have you been? Something dreadful has happened. The bank was robbed last night, and they have a man in jail whom they suppose to have been concerned in it. They call him Tiger Dick, or something of that sort."

"Tiger Dick!" repeated Fred, and he changed color.

"Yes. And he sent a dreadful message to papa, and you are to go to him immediately."

"I—to Tiger Dick?" cried Fred, and he drew back, paling, May thought, with guilty fear.

She had listened to the words of Jimmy Duff, and comprehended all that they implied. After the quarrel at the boat-landing between her brother and Cecil, she had said to the latter:

"Why is Fred so bitterly against you, Cecil? I am sure you have given him no just cause for dislike."

"It is painful to discuss with a sister her brother's failings," had been Cecil's reply; "but, of course, you are not ignorant of the evil ways into which Fred has fallen of late."

"No, and it has wounded me to the heart to see him fallen so low."

And the sister hung her head in shame at the brother's weakness.

"You know that I always had the kindest of feelings toward Fred," pursued the archhypocrite at her side; "and as I saw him going from one excess to another, I felt as if I should do something to save him; but I felt a delicacy about interfering unasked."

"You are always considerate and kind, Cecil," said May. "But your relations with me—" and she blushed slightly and glanced shyly into his face—"gave you the right to warn us."

"At any rate," pursued Cecil, "this bar was removed, when your father came to me for help. Then I called one of Fred's associates into the bank, and, through him, learned all."

"All?" asked May; for her father had told her nothing beyond what had unavoidably come to her knowledge, that Fred had come home in a state of intoxication; and with a natural curiosity she sought to draw the rest from Cecil.

"Yes," he replied, in a sorrowfully-meditative tone, "his association with such fast young men as Billy Saunderson, his dissipations, and, worst of all, his frequenting the gambling-hall of Tiger Dick."

"What! my brother a gambler?" cried May, pale and trembling.

"Do not ask me; but for the love of Heaven, give it to me—if you can!"

The last three words fell from the father's lips like a wall of despair.

Understanding nothing of what lay beneath the intense excitement of those before him—bewildered, touched by the wild agony of his father's tones—Fred turned toward him with a look of wondering compassion, and there was a tremor of tenderness in his voice, as he said:

"Father, I do not know why you ask me for the key in such a tone. But I cannot give it to you. It is not in my possession. I have lost it."

"Pah!" aspirated the old man, with a sneer of scathing contempt and incredulity.

"Oh, God! he has not the key!" groaned the anguished father.

"Why do you ask me for the key? I tell you I have lost it. I had it last night, but this morning I cannot find it."

"Boy! boy!" cried the old man, white with wrath and indignation, "do not add lying and hypocrisy to your other crimes. If you are not prepared to make confession, do not hold out the plea of innocence—do not try to palm off upon us so shabby a pretext."

All this recurred to May's mind, as her brother shrunk away with such a startled look, and cried:

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"Curse you! come along. Everything is prime for your reception."

"Admit him, Mr. Beaumont," said the father, in a voice that sounded unnatural to himself. "He was thinking: 'Why does he wait for us to open the door? Why does he not unlock it and enter without delay?' and the flush of surprise at seeing him faded away again with the reflection."

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"Yes. And he sent a dreadful message to papa, and you are to go to him immediately."

done with age, his tall form shook and swayed beneath the storm of indignation that threatened at every moment to burst forth.

Cecil Beaumont could afford to forego the resentment of any sting from his writhing victim; and though a flush of anger swept to the roots of his hair at the opprobrious epithet, curbed his feelings, and said, with an air of forbearance and misjudged friendship:

"Mr. Powell, I can overlook your insult, considering the circumstances under which it is uttered. But, sir, although I long since saw and deprecated your downward course, I refrained from interfering, through feelings of delicacy, until your father came to me. Then, he knows with what reluctance I said aught that would bring you under his displeasure."

"Stop!" thundered Mr. Carrington, rising, with the majesty of righteous indignation and outraged forbearance. "An honest man must stand on his defense before such a knave!

The old man towered aloft like some judging spirit, the veins standing out on his forehead in knots, his eyes blazing, his snow-white beard quivering as it rested on his breast, his arm outstretched and the long, vibrant finger pointing to the bank door.

Mr. Powell started up and stretched out his hands, as if to avert the storm from the head of his son. For a moment, Fred shrank beneath the stinging lash of the old man's rage. Then his eyes began to flash, his form to dilate, until he stood as erect, as haughty as his accuser.

"Sir," he said, giving him glance for glance, "I do not recognize your right to command me!"

"Frederick! Frederick!" cried his father, with clasped hands, "for God's sake, produce the key!"

"Why should I produce it?" demanded the son.

"Do not ask me; but for the love of Heaven, give it to me—if you can!"

The last three words fell from the father's lips like a wall of despair.

Understanding nothing of what lay beneath the intense excitement of those before him—bewildered, touched by the wild agony of his father's tones—Fred turned toward him with a look of wondering compassion, and there was a tremor of tenderness in his voice, as he said:

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"Frederick Powell, did you sign that draft?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 271.)

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

MR. POPPLETON was a bachelor, and the bachelor was in love.

Mr. Poppleton lived with his brother. He had been trying for fifteen years past to get up sufficient courage to propose to some lady, but, as yet, he had failed to do so. He had come across two or three women whom he fancied, but, for the life of him, he didn't dare to let them to become Mrs. Poppleton.

About a month before the opening of this veracious chronicle, Miss Arabella Wright had come down from the country to visit his brother's wife. Miss Wright was a maiden lady of thirty, or thirty-five, and a very well-preserved specimen of her class. Mr. Poppleton took a mental inventory of her, and her attachments, and concluded that she looked as well, and was quite as little artificial, as any woman he knew of her age; in fact, he concluded that she looked rather better than most women of her age. She wore some false hair, but everybody else did, nowadays, and as long as it was the fashion he didn't see why Miss Wright shouldn't follow it. Her teeth were not false, he knew. Perhaps she painted, but that was expected in these times, and because she was an old maid he didn't see why she should be debarred from the privileges accorded the rest of her sex. He couldn't see why people made fun of old maids for wearing false hair and teeth, and painting their faces, when married women could practice all these tricks with impunity.

Before she had been there two weeks, he was head over heels in love with her. He acknowledged as much to his brother, whom he made promise solemnly, before he revealed the secret to him, that he would never breathe a word of it to any living soul.

"Because, you see," explained Mr. Poppleton, "I don't want her to find out it."

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YELLOWSTONE JACK;

OR,
The Witch of the Boiling Spring.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE, THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS."

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The real Western Mountain Man—the Miner who "goes for" gold, even if Satan guarded the "lead"—the Indian Scout and natural born Ranger, to whom peril is a treat, and a "skrimmage" and "ha'r-liftin'" are a feast—the Adventurer who tests his nerves and learns life by trying its strongest fortunes—all are Badger's material, out of which to construct a story of the deepest and most singular interest, in a succession of chapters that are but a series of novel adventures, striking situations, romantic relations and mystery unfolded.

It will prove a welcome Summer treat to the large class of readers who enjoy a thorough and thorough Romance of Wild Western Life.

The Arm-Chair.

It was Sidney Smith who said: "In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style."

This is often quoted as a specimen of Smith's wit, but if written in fun it is in sober earnest. Obliterating every other word might make queer English; but carry on the process of expurgation and condensation until only one-half the words first employed are retained, and you have the very essence of expression. Some of the elegances may disappear, but the fact or idea remains, standing out like the single eye in the giant's forehead.

A barren or hard style is preferable at any time to a diffuse one. In these days of much reading more time is so essential to readers that he who says as much in a page as another says in two pages has studied the art of expression to some purpose.

It is an art to know how to write. Our schools don't teach it, we know, for teachers, as a general thing, are among the wordiest writers for the press; it must be learned by that practice which makes perfect.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio, who has not yet bought his summer clothes, remits us a manuscript (from the proceeds of which the clothes are to come), and adds, as a kind of make-weight to induce acceptance: "It is dreadfully hot, and iron dogs are beginning to sweat. I am keeping shady and trying to invent some way to make my living this season without working. Haven't invented the machine yet, but have got a good foundation for it—laziness."

To develop laziness is not our first duty, but in this case we shall encourage it, if it will induce the author to "let up" on literary work. Such a shower of "seasonable articles" as pour in upon us induces us to believe that, as the weather grows hotter, authors grow more industrious. Is it that they all want a suit of summer clothes?

Whatever the reason, we hope our Buckeye correspondent will not hurry his invention, and will cover it with a patent right, that others may not use it. A machine that will turn out manuscript would be a calamity worse than the grasshopper plague.

Sunshine Papers.

Artists.

As I sat at my little table in the coziest nook of the restaurant, this is what my wandering eyes beheld out of the opposite window:

J. G. SCHMIDT,

Pantaloons Artist.

I actually wanted to laugh, at first, the sign seemed so odd, and the idea so ridiculous of a tailor, a man who kept a shop and filled its windows with rows of spring-styled unmentionables, setting himself up for an artist! But, presently, under the inspiring influence of tea, or moved to a benevolent spirit by strawberries and cream, my heart began to soften toward this unknown Schmidt, and his assumption ceased to appear so absurd. Only I could not help thinking that it would have seemed less funny to have read coat-artist, hat-artist, or even boot and shoe-artist, than pantaloons artist.

But has not Schmidt hit upon a correct idea, suggested in his sign a frusim that would be well for other tradesmen to appreciate and make evident in their business? was the proposition that presented itself to my mind, as my eyes still lingered upon the novel announcement, and demanded a share of the absorbing attention I had hitherto devoted exclusively to my piled up saucer of luscious berries.

Schmidt makes pantaloons. He makes them

with reference to every class of buyer. They must meet the demands of wholesale and retail traders, of the plentious purse and the small roll of bills; they must suit the thin man and accommodate the gentleman of aldermanic proportions, show to advantage the diminutive form of some egotistical little top and add grace to the appearance of towering Adonis; they must be full and attenuated, plain and plaided, light and dark, heavy and fine. And yet every divers pair of these much in demand articles must be quite perfect in its way, stylishly cut, neatly constructed, carefully finished. Schmidt is not so assuming, in calling himself an artist.

And now one comes to think of it, why should not Jones, who makes shirts, and Thompson, the umbrella-maker, and Green, the barber, call themselves artists? And why should not our painters, and carpenters, and kalsominers, and chimney-sweeps aspire to that mode of nomenclature to add dignity to their professions?

A true artist loves his work, is devoted to it, and aims always to carry it nearer and nearer to perfection. He is never satisfied with mediocre attainments. He seeks to make every day's performance a triumph over the preceding one. And if Schmidt's spirit is: "Making pantaloons is my work; I am not ashamed of it; it is an honest business, and I will proudly aim to make my attainments artistically perfect, to add daily to my achievements," Schmidt is a true artist. If Jones, and Thompson, and Green, if our mechanics and tradesmen and laborers, seek to the very best in their labors, to make the most perfect articles, to do the neatest work, they are artists.

To be an artist is to have soul. No mere material creature who performs some daily task as an engine daily drives a shaft, and eats and drinks that he may do this or that, an engine must be daily lubricated with oil, and cares not how his work is performed so it earns its wages, can be an artist. But, every man and woman, every girl and boy, who cares to do something, to be some one, can become as true and immortal an artisan in the world's great art-gallery as those famous men and women who, aiming to accomplish nothing less than their fairest, grandest, purest conceptions, have graven their names on an indestructible scroll with indeleble pencil and brush. Anything worth the doing is worth well doing; and the greatest genius alike with the lowliest laborer is an artist truly only as he scorns to think one thought, to do one deed, less than his loftiest ideas, his best accomplishment.

H! Schmidt, artist of pantaloons! while I moralized on your suggestion to your fellow-craftsmen, berries have vanished, and here comes a white-aproned waiter to minister to my further wants. Somehow, I drop into a little conversation with him; and, as he, too, has learned a lesson from across the way, he answers to some of my inquiries:

"Yes, I am learning to like my work pretty well. It was the only business opening I could find at the time; and though people are given to think it a sort of low employment, I think any honest business is a credit. And if I do my work well it is no disgrace."

Bravo! white-aproned waiter! You have the true artist-spirit. Our employment is what we make it; with us lies the choice to be artists.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

SOMETIMES, when the long summer's days come and I have "nothing else to do," I love to wander away all by myself and find refuge under a shady oak, and sit by some pleasant stream, and give myself up to the enjoyment of nature and its manifold beauties. If I have a pleasant book, I have company enough to entertain me, and, when I grow weary of that, I can sit listening to the music of the birds and the bees, who seem so happy because they are so free. Everything seems glad; everything wears a bright and joyous look; wherever I turn, all seems radiant with happiness, and the world doesn't appear one-half so bad as the persons who strive to make us think it is, or as the persons themselves are.

Even in the graveyard the flowers are blooming and the sun is casting its rays on many a sculptured stone; it seems almost a privilege to lie there, everything is so calm and restful.

One stone is erected to the memory of a dear little fellow who was brought home one day, drowned; after saving the lives of others he lost his own. Bright and good was his life, and we wondered why he was taken and others less worthy left. Perhaps he was too good for earth and God loved him so much that He wanted him by His side. At his funeral his mother said, "He never caused me one moment's sorrow." Was not such a character a princely legacy to leave behind him? Oh, how that mother loved her darling boy! And I did not think her love any the less when I saw her bending over that stone and heard her exclaim, "Much as I loved you, my own boy, I had rather have your body lie beneath the chaw tobacco and takes no trouble to eschew lace-trimmed flounces. More passengers crowd in; muddy boots occupy the standing room; you have a heartsick foreboding of worse to come; you make an attempt to twitch up your skirt; something rips, and somebody moves with a "Beg pardon, madam;" you have a glimpse of the muddy impression of a slender boot-heel; the car lurches and a No. 11 brogan covers it; you lean back, despair in your heart and a very poor counterfeit of resignation in your face. The dress is ruined, and a new one must be forthcoming, the chin dinner-service you have promised yourself must be given up; but, even then, not for one instant can you seriously contemplate anything more durable or less elaborate. One must put the best foot forward, one must look "gentle" or be nobody.

And why not be nobody if the cost of appearing "gentle" be a constant struggle, a constant sacrifice of home comforts and real satisfaction as it must be among people of limited means? Why not leave these rich costumes, attracting as they are where they belong to madame who can afford her carriage and does not feel the loss if one dress does come to untimely grief? Why not be content with the pretty wash fabrics that are presented to us in wider variety every year, until, by sparing undue demands upon a limited purse now, it swells to a plentious plentitude which will defy the danger of utter collapse by a visitation of dull times? If that time does not come, the hundred little attractive features which may be added to a cozy home by the surplus saved by this more economical style of dress will amply repay the effort of will required in adopting it.

I can watch the haymakers from my cozy place of rest, and I think how much happier are they—though their work is hard—than those who toil in the hot and stifling cities. How refreshing are the pure milk, pure bread and butter, and pure fare, after a hard day's toil! How strong and healthy are those hay-makers, full of life and vigor; they almost make one ashamed to be as listless as I am in watching them.

In Farmer Jones' meadow the cows are lazily chewing the cud and sleepily winking their eyes as they lie upon the ground. They appear to be enjoying their "sweet do nothing" as well as I. Happy creatures! they have no ill of the past to molest them and no troubles of the future to fear. Let them enjoy themselves to their heart's content. I've no wish to deprive them of their pleasures.

At my feet the water ripples along and the tiny fishes dart hither and yon; it almost seems a shame to catch them with a cruel hook, but as long as fishes abound so long will they be eaten. I do believe fishes have become adepts in the game of "Hide and Seek," else they would not chase each other as they do. What a good time they do have, and I verily believe that the individual who wrote the song, "I would I were a fish," saw the finny tribe sporting near the river's brink as I do when I am enjoying my dolce far niente.

Schmidt makes pantaloons. He makes them

How sleepy one gets when watching these things, and what an irresistible desire to nod one's head and go dozily on into the wonderful land of dreams! The more you strive to keep awake, and the more you say you will not be caught napping, the less power have you to accomplish the same.

And in my pathway through dreamland I find no thorns, no briars, no gossips, no scandal, no care nor turmoil—naught but peace and quietude. There's not such an eternal worry for the bread and butter, and not such an eternal struggle for money. Such dreams are pleasant and quieting. One seems to wander on and on, and never tires of seeing new scenes and novel surroundings. If Eden were like these dreams, I don't wonder my name sake felt great regrets at leaving it. "I know I should."

And while I am leaving the world of realities far behind me, the time has been passing rapidly. Grandma Lawless wakes me from my somnolence with the somewhat prosaic remark, "It's time to prepare tea, Eve."

So ends my dolce far niente, for that day, EVE LAWLESS.

HOW SHALL WE DRESS?

THERE have been common-sense reformers who advised suiting the dress to occasion, but we all know how that would work. To go marketing in wash-poplin or calico and shopping in plain alpaca might be in accordance with our better judgment, but who has the moral courage to set the example?

You cannot, for would not the Browns, Joneses and Robinsons cut you dead, look you over with that level stare of contemptuous wonder, the very thought of which makes you shrink within yourself at the tenuity which for one moment impelled you to consider the subject? The dining-room carpet is going into shreds, and you do need one of those cheap tapestry table-covers dreadfully, and as for morning-wrappers—you haven't a decent one to your back any longer; but, no matter: your street dress must be perfection or you are one among the common herd, whom nobody cares to wait upon, whom not one in a hundred will turn out of his way to accommodate. You would be jostled on the street corners and in the crowded thoroughfare, the drayman would graze you with a wheel at the crossing, the fishmonger and the butcher's boy would brush you with their burdens and the consolatory remark: "Lor', m'm, that dress won't spile."

You can't face the ignominy of these associations, but you must go shopping, so the last new suit is brought out and you feel a pardonable thrill of gratification as your eyes rest upon it.

It is dainty, delicate and ladylike in every detail—so are you as you survey the image your mirror throws back when you are fully arrayed in it. It is a black silk suit, of course—noting else is serviceable as black silk you reflect—but let no one imagine you are about to be guilty of subjecting yourself to the practical test of appearing in a plain short walking-dress of the material which would not be unsuitable to the occasion. No, indeed!

Your suit has white lace trimmings, rich and costly as they are pure and pleasing in effect, and it is made demi-train, a dozen narrow ruffles on the front breadth—admirable attractions for all the dust afloat. You did hesitate a moment over that demi-train when you ordered the dress; the extra material required was an object, and you knew from sad experience how rapidly linings soil and bindings fray; but the tyrant-mistress, Fashion, left no alternative; with a sigh you succumbed to her demand. Your hat is a sweet French morsel of white puffy illusion, with a cluster of half-open moss-roses smothered in it; a white lace mantilla drapes your shoulders; your gloves are pearl-kid and you carry a dear little sun-umbrella, white-and-black silk and lace, to match your dress; and you look, as I said before, dainty and delicate and ladylike and saucy forth in a truly enviable state of mind.

But, suppose a shower comes up, suddenly, as showers sometimes do? The coating of grayish dust you have already received is washed in with the first sprinkle, while you beckon frantically for a stage. But you have missed the stage by half a minute and you take a street-car instead. It is thronged, of course, and you are crushed down into about three inches space, next a big, horrible man who chews tobacco and takes no trouble to eschew lace-trimmed flounces. More passengers crowd in; muddy boots occupy the standing room; you have a heartsick foreboding of worse to come; you make an attempt to twitch up your skirt; something rips, and somebody moves with a "Beg pardon, madam;" you have a glimpse of the muddy impression of a slender boot-heel; the car lurches and a No. 11 brogan covers it; you lean back, despair in your heart and a very poor counterfeit of resignation in your face. The dress is ruined, and a new one must be forthcoming, the chin dinner-service you have promised yourself must be given up; but, even then, not for one instant can you seriously contemplate anything more durable or less elaborate. One must put the best foot forward, one must look "gentle" or be nobody.

And why not be nobody if the cost of appearing "gentle" be a constant struggle, a constant sacrifice of home comforts and real satisfaction as it must be among people of limited means? Why not leave these rich costumes, attracting as they are where they belong to madame who can afford her carriage and does not feel the loss if one dress does come to untimely grief? Why not be content with the pretty wash fabrics that are presented to us in wider variety every year, until, by sparing undue demands upon a limited purse now, it swells to a plentious plentitude which will defy the danger of utter collapse by a visitation of dull times? If that time does not come, the hundred little attractive features which may be added to a cozy home by the surplus saved by this more economical style of dress will amply repay the effort of will required in adopting it.

I can watch the haymakers from my cozy place of rest, and I think how much happier are they—though their work is hard—than those who toil in the hot and stifling cities. How refreshing are the pure milk, pure bread and butter, and pure fare, after a hard day's toil! How strong and healthy are those hay-makers, full of life and vigor; they almost make one ashamed to be as listless as I am in watching them.

In Farmer Jones' meadow the cows are lazily chewing the cud and sleepily winking their eyes as they lie upon the ground. They appear to be enjoying their "sweet do nothing" as well as I. Happy creatures! they have no ill of the past to molest them and no troubles of the future to fear. Let them enjoy themselves to their heart's content. I've no wish to deprive them of their pleasures.

At my feet the water ripples along and the tiny fishes dart hither and yon; it almost seems a shame to catch them with a cruel hook, but as long as fishes abound so long will they be eaten. I do believe fishes have become adepts in the game of "Hide and Seek," else they would not chase each other as they do. What a good time they do have, and I verily believe that the individual who wrote the song, "I would I were a fish," saw the finny tribe sporting near the river's brink as I do when I am enjoying my dolce far niente.

Schmidt makes pantaloons. He makes them

and the scholar will pass the first month of the course in getting licked—without any other study. This is called the preparatory department, and will have every facility including thick walls to render it perfect.

Six lessons a day will be given each scholar by experienced masters in the art in all of its branches.

This is a department of early education which is too much neglected, yet very necessary.

The next branch will be the study of letters, which will be taught in every style, and no one who is not perfectly familiar with the alphabet will be allowed to graduate from this university no matter how great a scholar he may be, and graduates of other colleges shall begin at the beginning. Scholars shall be taught to read letters up-side down—turned round—upset—knocked over—mashed up, broken in two—rolled up, and other ways. They shall be taught their love-letters which will be a special study.

The department of the higher classics shall be complete, and will include carrying the hood, by an eminent Irish professor; sawing wood, taught by an educated colored member of the Legislature; shoveling gravel, killing hogs, and every thing else included in the fine arts with classical tendencies.

Students will be taught in one year to know all the books from any other book at first sight, and parse any sentence that is given to them, or refer you to somebody else who can.

Geography made a specialty, and any student who doesn't know a map of the United States from a checker-board will be excluded from recitations for a week. They shall be able to tell the geographical location of any neighboring apple orchard, if it isn't laid down on the map, and know how to bound it, and to bound the fence. My geography is entirely a revised one, and I have gone to vast expense to do it. The African desert I have removed from its old place and piled it up around the north pole, taking the hot weather along with it. I have wholly obliterated the Niagara Falls so that vessels can pass to and fro from the lakes without sliding down a precipitous hill as heretofore. The Atlantic I have reduced to a narrow strait—somewhat crooked—and put the surplus water over into the Pacific, which is not a very important ocean. The State of

HER DREAM.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

The wife of the sailor lay dreaming a dream
Cried out one far out at sea,
While sheen as she slept the pale moon's beam
Gave a look to her face that would almost seem
As the face of the dead would be.

In her vision the husband had reached the shore,
Where his vessel at anchor lay.
An silent he stood in the cottage door
Where he said "Good-by" but a month before,
Ere he sailed down the white-capped bay.

And the dreamer thought that the lips were cold
Which her kisses fell upon.

And he seemed not the same as in days of old,
But whispered, as gently he loosed her hold:

"Farewell," and then he was gone.

And now as she sleeps, o'er the ocean gray
Comes the west wind's wintry roar,

While the waves that whiten the storm-tossed bay

Are broken and scattered in driving spray.

As they beat on the shingly shore.

But after the terrible west wind's wail
The sullen sea had calmed.

Through broken clouds comes one the moonbeams pale

On a drifting spar and a riven sail,

And a floating corpse beside.

—

Victoria:

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ROSE OF SUSSEX.

WHILE Barbara hoped and Barbara feared, Leicester Cliffe was whirling away as fast as the steam-eagle could carry him toward London and his promised bride. And the same white crescent moon that saw her standing at the trysting-place, came peering through the closed shutters of a West-End hotel, and saw that young gentleman standing before a swing-glass, making a most elaborate and faultless toilet. A magnificent watch, set with brilliants, that lay on the dressing-table before him, was pointing its golden hands to the hour of eleven, when there came a rap at the door, and, opening it, Mr. Cliffe was confronted by a tall waiter, with a card in his hand.

"Show the gentleman up," said Leicester, glancing at it, and going on with his toilet. And two minutes after, a quick, impetuous, noisy step was taking the stairs five at a time, and Tom Shirley, flushed, excited and breathless, as usual, stood before him.

"My dear fellow, how goes it?" was his cry, seizing his cousin's hand with a grip that made him wince. "I should have been here ages ago, only I never received your note until within the last ten minutes! I was at the opera, and had just come to my lodgings to spread myself out in gorgeous array for the ball, when I found your letter, and came steaming up here without a second's loss of time. When did you come? And are you going to make one in my lady's crush to-night?"

"Sit down!" was Leicester's nonchalant reply to this breathless outburst. "I had given you up in despair; and was about starting on my own responsibility. What brought you to the opera, to-night?"

"Oh, this is the last night of the brightest star of the season; and besides, we are time enough for the ball. How long before you have finished making yourself resplendent?"

"I have finished now. Come!"

Tom, who had just seated himself, jumped up, and led the way down-stairs, five at a time, as before, and, on reaching the pavement, drew out a cigar-case, offered it to his companion, lit one, and then, taking the other's arm, marched him off briskly.

"We won't call a cab—they're nothing but bores; and it's not ten minutes' walk to Shirley House. How did you leave all the good people in Cliftonlea—Sir Roland among the rest?"

"Sir Roland has had the gout; otherwise I believe he's had nothing to complain of."

"Well, that's a good old family disorder we must all come to in the fullness of time. Was it to-day you arrived?"

"Yes. Lady Agnes was good enough to send me a pressing invite to this grand ball of hers, and, of course there was nothing for it but obedience."

"You must have found life in Cliftonlea awfully slow for the last two weeks," said Tom, with an energetic puff at his cigar. "What did you do with yourself all the time?"

Leicester laughed.

"So many things that it would puzzle me to recount them. Shooting, fishing, riding, boating—"

"With a little courting in between whiles!" interrupted Tom, with gravity. "How did you leave little Barbara?"

Leicester took his cigar from his lips, and knocked the white end off carefully with his finger.

"Ashes to ashes, eh? I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you? Oh, you are an artless youth! Perhaps you think I don't know how steep you have been coming it with our pretty May Queen; but don't trouble yourself to invent any little fictions about it, for I know the whole thing from beginning to end!"

"What do you know?"

"That you have been fooling that little girl, and I won't have it! Oh, you needn't fire up. Barbara is a great friend of mine, and you will just have the goodness to let her alone."

"Fshaw! what nonsense is all this?"

"Is it nonsense?"

"Yes. Who has been talking to you?"

"One who is too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Fred Douglas, of the Dragoons—he came up here to London a week ago."

"I'll put a stray bullet through Fred Douglas' head, and teach him to hold his tongue, and yours, too, my good cousin, if you take it upon yourself to lecture me. How are all the Shirleys?"

"Tolerable. Lady Agnes is up to her eyes in the business of balls and receptions, and concerts, and matinees. The colonel has been voted unanimously by all the young ladies of Belgrave Square a love of a man, and Vic is all the rage, and has turned more heads and declined more offers this winter than you or I could count in a week. The Rose of Sussex is the toast of the town!"

"Indeed! And at the head of her list of her killed an wounded stands the name of Tom Shirley."

Tom winced perceptibly.

"Precisely! And I'll wager my diamond ring that yours is there, too, before the end of a week."

"Is she so pretty, then?"

"Pretty! That's a nice word to apply to the belle of London. Here we are, and you will soon see for yourself."

A long file of carriages was drawn up before

the door of Shirley House, and a crowd of servants in livery were flitting busily hither and thither. Some of the guests were just passing in to the great lighted hall, but, instead of following their example, Tom drew his companion toward a deserted side-door.

"We won't go in there and have our names bawled by the funkeys, and be stared at as we enter by a hundred pairs of eyes. I know all the ins and outs of this place, and there's a private way that will bring us to the ballroom, where you can have a good look at the Rose of Sussex before you are presented to her in form."

He rung, as he spoke, the bell of the side-door, and on its being opened by a liveried slave, he led the way through the marble hall up a wide and balustraded staircase, through several empty rooms and passages, all sumptuously fitted up, and echoing with the sounds of distant music and merry-making; and finally into a great conservatory, with the moonlight streaming through two large arched windows, which opened into a forsaken music-room, where the gas-lit moments flew by all too quickly, tinged with *couleur de rose*, where the gipsy standing beside him, while he carved his name and his together on the old tree; his own words, "When I prove false to you, I pray God that I may die;" and the dreadful fire that had filled her eyes; and the dreadful "Amen" she had hissed, through her closed teeth. The skein had run fair hitherto, but the tangle was coming now; and, quite unable to see how he was to unwind it, he lay down on his bed at last. But Leicester Cliffe did not sleep much that night.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

"Cliffe! Do you know who this is?" "Leicester Cliffe, by Jove!" cried the colonel, in delighted recognition. "My dear boy, is it possible I see you again after all those years, and grown out of all knowledge? Where in the world have you dropped from?"

"From Cliftonlea, the last place. I have found out, after all my wandering, that there is no place like home."

"Right, my boy. Vic, this is your cousin, Leicester Cliffe."

The long lashes drooped, and the young lady courted profoundly.

"You remember him, Vic, don't you?" said Tom; "or at least you remember the picture in Cliftonlea you used to go into such raptures about long ago. Did you think I was not coming to-night, Vic?"

"I never thought of you at all!" said the young lady, with the prettiest flush and pout imaginable.

"I know better than that. There goes the next quadrille. May I have the honor, Vic?"

"No. I am engaged."

"The next, then?"

"Engaged!"

"And the next?"

Miss Vic laughed, and consulted her tablets.

"Very well, sir, that is the last before supper, and perhaps you may have the honor also of taking me down."

"And after supper, cousin mine?" said Leicester, as her partner for the set then forming came to lead her away. "May I not hope to be equally honored?"

"Oh, the first after supper," with another slight laugh and blush, "is a waltz, monsieur, and I never waltz."

"For the first quadrille, then?"

The young lady bowed assent and walked away, just as the colonel, who had been absent for a moment, came up with another lady on his arm—a plain, dark girl, not at all pretty, very quietly dressed, and without jewels.

"You haven't forgotten this young lady, I hope, Leicester. Don't you remember your former playmate, little Maggie Shirley?"

"Certainly. Why, Maggie!" he cried, his eyes lighting up with real pleasure, and catching the hand she held out in both his.

"I am glad to see you again, Leicester," said Maggie, a faint color coming for a moment into her dark cheek, and then fading away. "I thought you were never going to come back to old England again."

"Ah! I was not quite so far gone as that. Are you engaged?"

"No."

"Come, then. I have a thousand things to say to you, and we can talk and dance together."

They took their places in one of the quadrilles, Leicester talking all the time.

Margaret Shirley had been his playmate in childhood, his friend and favorite always, and they had corresponded in all his wanderings over the world; but somehow in this, their first meeting, they did not get on so very well after all. Margaret was naturally taciturn as an Indian, and the habit seemed to have grown with her growth, and to all his questions she would return none but the briefest and quietest answers.

"Oh, confound your monosyllables!" muttered Leicester, as he led her down to supper, and watched Tom and Vic chatting and laughing away opposite as if there were nobody in the world but themselves. What a lovely face she had! and how all the gentlemen in the room seemed to flock round her like flies round a drop of honey! Leicester was too much of an artist not to have a perfect passion for beauty in whatever shape it came; and though he could admire a diamond in the rough, he certainly would have admired the same diamond far more in splendid setting. He might love Barbara with his heart; but he loved Vic already with his eyes. Barbara was the dark daughter of the earth: this fairy sprite seemed like a happy child. Her dress was of pale blue lace silk, under flounces of Honiton lace, looped up with bouquets of rosebuds and jasmines, a large cluster of the same flowers clasping the perfect corsage, and pale pearls on the exquisite neck and arms. Her dress was simple, one of the simplest, perhaps, in the whole room; but as the artist looked at her, he thought of the young May moon in its silver sheen, a clear, white star in the blue summer sky, of a spotless lily, lifting its lovely head in a silent mountain-tarn. It was hardly a beautiful face—there was a score handsomer in the room, but there certainly was not another half so lovely. A vision rose before him as he looked, of the smiling faces of Madonnas and angels as he had seen them pictured in grand old cathedrals; and before the sinless soul looking out of those clear eyes, he quailed inwardly, feeling as though he were unworthy to touch the hem of her robe.

"Well," said Tom, looking at him curiously, "there is the Rose of Sussex, and what do you think of her?"

"It is a sylph; it is a snow-spirit; it is a fairy by moonlight! That is the ideal face I've been trying all my life to paint, and failed, because I never could find a model!"

"Bah! I would rather have one woman of flesh and blood than a thousand on canvas! Come, we have stood here long enough, and it is time we were paying our respects to Lady Agnes."

"With all my heart!" said Leicester, and making their way through the throng, both stood the next moment before the stately lady of the mansion.

"Aunt," said Tom, describing a graceful circle with his hand, as he bowed before that lady, "I come late, but I bring my apology. Allow me to present your nephew, Mr. Leicester Cliffe!"

Lady Agnes turned with a bright, sudden smile, and held out her jeweled hand.

"Is it possible? My dear Leicester. I am enchanted to see you. How well you are looking! and how tall you have grown! Can this really be the little boy, with the long curly hair, who used to run wild, long ago, but they had fallen into silence to listen to the song?"

"Lovely thing, is it not?" she asked, looking up at last.

"Yes," said Leicester, thinking of herself, and feeling at that moment there was no other "Maudie" for him in the world but her.

"We had better go back to the ball-room, I think, Mr. Cliffe. If I am not greatly mistaken our quadrille is commencing."

"How formally you call me Mr. Cliffe; and yet we are cousins."

"Oh, that is only a polite fiction! You are no more my cousin than you are my brother."

"Yet, I think, you might drop the Mister. Leicester is an easy name to say."

"Is it?"

"Try it, and see."

"If it ever comes natural, perhaps I may," said the young lady, with composure; "but certainly not now." There, it is the quadrille, and I know we will be late."

But they were not late, and came in time to lead off the set with spirit. Somewhere, ugly old Time was mowing down his tens of thousands, but it certainly was not in Shirley House, where the gas-lit moments flew by all too quickly, tinged with *couleur de rose*, where the gipsy standing beside him, while he carved his name and his together on the old tree; his own words, "When I prove false to you, I pray God that I may die;" and the dreadful fire that had filled her eyes; and the dreadful "Amen" she had hissed, through her closed teeth.

Back in his own room, Leicester Cliffe was feverishly pacing up and down, with a war going on in his own heart. A vision rose before him of pearls and floating lace, golden curls, blue eyes, and the face of a smiling angel—a reigning belle, and one of the richest heiresses in England—all to be his for the asking; but with it there came another vision—the Nun's Grave under the gloomy yews; the dark, wild gipsy standing beside him, while he carved his name and his together on the old tree; his own words, "When I prove false to you, I pray God that I may die;" and the dreadful fire that had filled her eyes; and the dreadful "Amen" she had hissed, through her closed teeth.

"What makes you think so?" Reed asked.

"Cos he knows all about the coaches that carry the valuable express matter, and knows, too, when the blue-coats are after him. Ef he wan't mixed up with the head roosters at Austin, how could he tell that, I'd like to know?"

"Kinder posted, ain't you, Brown?" Reed said.

"Oh, no! I'm asleep; I ain't had my eyes open since I were knee-high to a grasshopper," Brown replied, smiling sagaciously.

The party were now riding through a little canyon. They were near the end of it, and a small rocky plain appeared beyond. Through the plain the little stream that came from Gopher Gully ran, tumbling into the Reese, a few hundred feet beyond.

"I wish I'd gone to bed, by the powers," muttered Patsey; "the next time I start I'll stay at home."

A roar of laughter from the rest of the party greeted his remark.

As the little party emerged from the canyon into the plain, a huge gray wolf scampered out from behind a boulder, and ran off at a long, loping trot toward the hills.

The miners reined in their horses and emptied their revolvers at the "outcast in gray." But, the gaunt wolf was fleet of foot, and a few seconds carried him out of revolver-range; besides, the hands of the miners were not over steady after the night's spree, and the wolf really was in but little danger when within range of their fire.

"Ef that's any thin' that I despise, it's a wolf," Brown remarked; "it's the meaneest critter that runs on four legs."

"Barrin' a crow!" Patsey exclaimed.

"Are you drunk, too?" cried the Judge, in anger, rising up in his bed.

"Come out an' see," replied Bill, giving the door a tremendous kick. "It's no use, Judge; you've got to come; nary a wink more sleep will you get this night, an' it's mighty nigh mornin' now, anyway. So just 'lite' an' see."

Grumbling with anger, the Judge got out of his bunk, and, lighting a candle, unfastened the door.

Bill walked in. The Judge was in his underclothes, just as he had got up, with a blanket wrapped around him.

"Now, then, what the devil do you want, disturbing me at this hour of the night?" the Judge asked, an angry look upon his stern face.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 264.)

The Judge stroked his chin for a few minutes in silence, his gaze bent upon the floor. Suddenly he spoke.

"Mr. Rennet you have a suspicion as to who committed this deed of blood?"

"Yes."

"And the person?"

"The same ones who gave Tendall his money. He was paid to keep his mouth shut. He owned as much to me when under the influence of liquor. This murder was committed to keep him silent. Whoever had reason to fear Tendall living, struck the blows which have insured his silence. If we find the person who paid Tendall, we shall find his murderer."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 264.)

RED ROB.

The Boy Road-Agent.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "BOWIE-KNIFE
BEN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE
HARRY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RED ROB UNDER TRIAL.

Owing to circumstances—that of high waters—over which they had no control, Dakota Dan and Asa Sheridan did not reach the camp until the next day about one o'clock.

They found the trial of Red Rob going on when they arrived, and so great was the excitement, and so deep the interest manifested by all parties, that Sheridan had no opportunity of making known the object that laid nearest to his own heart; but was compelled to await the termination of the proceedings.

During the day a party of soldiers and several Mexican ranchmen, who had suffered loss at the hands of Red Rob, came in from the east, and joined Captain Rushton, who had been expecting them a day or two. This party had come directly from Conejos, from whence they had followed Red Rob's band, word having been previously sent to the nearest military post that the young outlaw and his gang were in the vicinity of Conejos. When it was found, however, that the robbers were headed for across the mountains, a messenger was dispatched to Fort Winegate for assistance, or rather, for the military there to endeavor to head the robbers off, as it was generally believed that they were moving toward Arizona.

At the very time that the messenger reached Winegate, a party of excursionists—all gentlemen—from Santa Fe, reached there also on their way to the San Juan valley. Among them were Judge Obed Thompson and several officers of the civil government of the Territory, besides several professional gentlemen all of whom were spending their summer vacation in a trip to northern New Mexico. But the news of the outlaws' movement checked their gushing spirits of romantic adventure; and all would have returned home, had it not been that the commandant of Fort Winegate decided to send a party of cavalry, under Captain Rushton, up to the San Juan to look out for Red Rob and his gang. The excursionists all resolved to go on with the soldiers, and did so.

As fate would have it, Captain Rushton's party was destined to capture Red Rob and his band; while Judge Thompson was also destined to "sit in judgment on the young outlaw."

The judge was one of those remarkable, Western men, more noted for his eccentricities than legal lore. He had an abundance of self-esteem and dogged perseverance, which, in a measure accounted for his holding the high position that he did; though some attributed all to political favoritism. But, be that as it may, Judge Thompson claimed the right to convene court at any time in criminal matters, and at any place. He was a strong adherent, or at least had been, to the laws of Judge Lynch, having had considerable experience at one time and another, in Texas and Arkansas.

"Ah!" and Jones looked earnestly into Bill's face. He foresaw that the discovery of the murderer's weapon might prove a clue to the doer of the deed.

"Arter we found the body we went to call Miss Jimmie, just fur to tell her all 'bout it. Jim knocked on the door, an' it were unlatched an' flew open, an' that stood Jimmie, with the bloody Bowie in her hand, an' the blood from it had daubed all over the front of her dress."

Jones started, and a strange expression swept over his face. Bill noticed it and wondered at the look.

"Then Jim Rennet told me to run for you as fast as I could go, an' now you know just as much about it as I do."

"How did the girl appear when you discovered her with the bloody knife in her hand?" the Judge asked, fixing his keen eyes intently on the face of the driver.

"Skeered to death, you bet! I reckon her face was whiter nor a b'il'd rag. Never seed her skeered afore, either; she's just as full of pluck as wild-cat; she ain't one of the squalling kind of feminines."

"I'm afraid that she will need all her courage," the Judge said, dryly, as he passed out into the air; Bill following, wondering in his mind what the Judge meant by this last remark.

Jones locked the door of the express office carefully behind him, and then started up the street toward the Eldorado. Bill came close behind him.

The mind of the driver was in a fog. A certain indefinite suspicion passed through his brain; he could attach but one meaning to the words of the Judge, and that put a human life in peril.

"It can't be," he muttered. "I wouldn't believe it if I seed it; I'd swar my eyes lied."

When the two arrived at the Eldorado they proceeded up-stairs at once. The saloon had been closed up, but the side door was open, and a single light was burning on the counter.

As they passed by the bar, Bill noticed that the Chinese, Ah Ling, was asleep in his little bunk under the counter.

In the entry they found James Rennet. He had brought the lighted candle out of the room where the murder had been committed and placed it on the floor of the entry.

"I've told the Judge all 'bout it," Bill said unconsciously lowering his voice almost to a whisper.

"Have you given the alarm?" Jones asked, in a low and guarded tone.

"No," Rennet replied; "I thought that I had better see you first."

"It is as well," the Judge said, slowly and thoughtfully.

"This is a terrible affair. Poor fellow!" observed Rennet; "I didn't think that he had an enemy in the world."

"It is hard to tell, sometimes," Jones replied. "Have you formed any idea in regard to who committed the crime?"

"Yes," Rennet said, slowly.

"You have?" asked the Judge, quickly, while Bill looked on in wonder.

"Yes; has Bill told you about our discovering the girl with the bloody knife in her hand?"

"Yes."

"This man was never killed without an object," Rennet said, slowly.

"For his money, perhaps," observed the Judge, with a covert glance into the face of the other.

"He had none."

"But, I have been informed that he has been on a spree for some little time, and has been spending money very freely," the Judge said.

"Exactly; but where that money came from, no one knew except the man whose body now lies cold in yonder room and the party who gave it to him."

forego the needed nuisance, and conduct my own side of this scrap."

"Then let the witnesses for the State be called," said Thomas Jefferson Overbaron, the "State's attorney," who felt sensibly hit by the prisoner's remarks.

The sheriff arose and called the names: Christopher Walbroke, Don Manuel Raviso and Juan Jose Vaca.

The three men came forward as their names were called.

Albert St. Kenelm was not a little surprised when his eyes fell upon the hard, cruel face of Christopher Walbroke. He recognized it as the face of the gambler who had taken such a conspicuous part in the fight at the Conejos saloon, on that memorable night, and who then answered to the name of Manuel Chiclloo. The major knew that this man's testimony would be made as strong as the villainous character of a revengeful spirit could make it, against the youth who had so often proven a terror to the gamblers and drunkards of Conejos.

Don Manuel Raviso was a wealthy Mexican gentleman who had suffered at the hands of Red Rob's gang.

Juan Jose Vaca was the overseer of a large ranch north of Santa Fe which had also been visited by the outlaws.

The three were sworn. Don Raviso took the stand.

"Don Manuel Raviso," said Overbaron, with that free, important air so peculiar to the legal profession, yet which all could see was assumed, "will you please state to the jury your occupation, the place of your residence, and whether you do, or do not, recognize the prisoner at the bar?"

"I own and operate a large ranch about forty miles south of Conejos," began the witness, "and I recognize the prisoner at the bar as Red Rob."

Overbaron gave Red Rob a glance which seemed to say, "What do you think of attorneys now?" as though Raviso's statement had been made solely upon the young lawyer's investigation. Then he ran his eyes over the crowd, permitting them to rest for a moment upon the pretty, anxious faces of Octavia St. Kenelm and Maggie Boswell, of whose eyes he believed he had become an object of admiration.

"Senor Raviso," he said, running his fingers through his hair, then glancing at his hand with a close, intense look, as though he considered the single brown hair that had been dragged from his head worth more than the soul of the boy outlaw, "state to the court," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "under what circumstance you have heretofore met the prisoner."

"Under circumstances over which I had no control," replied the witness, and an outburst of laughter followed the curt response. Even the judge was compelled to conceal his face in clouds of tobacco-smoke in order to maintain the sober dignity of the court. Overbaron never "cracked" a smile, "About one month ago," Raviso continued, "my *hacienda* was visited by a band of outlaws. They broke into my casa and confronted me in my library. The leader drew a revolver and in the name of Red Rob, demanded my money and jewels. I gave him my watch, some money, and a large amount of silver plate. Then they left."

"That's all, Don Raviso—all that's necessary, unless the robber wishes to cross-examine," said the attorney, venturing to elevate his heels upon the judge's stand.

"I would like to ask the witness," said Red Rob, "whether it was in the night or daytime when he was attacked and robbed?"

"I should think you know yourself; however, it was in the night," replied Raviso, on the night of the twentieth day of May last."

"At what hour in the night?" asked the witness.

"I object, your honor!" cried Overbaron, springing to his feet.

"State your objections," said the judge, his half-closed eyes following the little clouds of smoke drifting upward among the pinon bushes.

"The question is not in the order of a direct cross-examination," said Overbaron; "moreover, it is immaterial to us whether it was night or day, or at what hour, the witness was robbed."

"Your honor," said Red Rob, rising to his feet, "if it is immaterial to this court where and at what hour the witness was robbed, I would like to know what the educated gentleman is ranting about. But, your honor, I put the question that I may be enabled to prove that I was not at the ranch at the time the witness refers to."

The court sustained the question, and Raviso answered:

"It was precisely eleven o'clock, for when I handed the robber my watch—an open-face—I glanced at it and noted the time exactly."

"I am done with the witness," said Red Rob.

"Juan Jose Vaca will take the stand," said the prosecuting attorney.

This witness was put upon the stand and testified that he was the overseer of a large ranch north of Santa Fe, and that, about five weeks previous, a band of robbers had entered the premises and stolen a number of horses and valuables. The leader of that gang he recognized in the prisoner at the bar, although it was in the night when the attack was made.

The cross-examination was confined to a single question, which elicited nothing favorable to the prisoner.

Christopher Walbroke was next called.

"Mr. Walbroke," said Overbaron, contemplating his elevated feet with a look of admiration, "where do you live—what do you follow for a livelihood—and do you, or do you not, recognize the prisoner before you?"

"I reside at Conejos," replied the witness, "and since Missouri Moli got hurt I've been drivin' stage in his place till I started on this tramp. Yes, sir!" and the witness began to wax wroth, "I reekognize that chap as Red Rob, the very villain that—"

"Sir!" interrupted the court, savagely, "you must remember that you are upon oath, and that no such contempt of court will be tolerated."

"Well, then, on the night of the twentieth of last May, about midnight, you say my men rode into the Conejos saloon."

"Yes, I swear to it."

"Mr. Walbroke," said Overbaron, as an idea seemed to have suddenly entered his mind, "I would like to ask you one or two questions: how far is it from Conejos to Don Manuel Raviso's ranch?"

"Just fifty miles as the crow flies," replied the witness.

Red Rob turned and laughed in the young lawyer's face, saying:

"A very unfortunate question, and gives me the right to cross-examine."

Overbaron looked as though he would faint.

His own ignorance of the distance between the two places had led to an irreparable blunder.

He did not care as much for the evidence nor what it amounted to, so that he maintained his position among his friends by displaying evidence of ability as a lawyer. He felt satisfied that Red Rob would be shot, no difference what the evidence amounted to. He knew that public opinion had already passed sentence upon the young outlaw, and that an enraged people would not allow the culprit to go unhang.

The trial was simply a farce, having for its object a show of mercy toward the prisoner.

"You say, Mr. Walbroke," said Red Rob,

"it is fifty miles between Conejos and Raviso's ranch. Could a man ride that distance in one hour?"

"No, nor in five of 'em."

"That's all," said the prisoner.

"That's all," added the attorney.

"Has the prisoner any rebutting testimony to offer?" asked the judge.

"None, except that already given by the

witnesses for the State," replied the young outlaw, contrary to the hopes of many, who had become favorably impressed with the youth, and the calm, fearless manner in which he had conducted himself throughout the trial.

His reply was, to Octavia and Maggie, a bitter disappointment. They felt certain, by the youth's indifference, and that pleasant, mischievous smile that lit up his face, that he would produce evidence that would procure his acquittal.

"This, then, closes the case," said the judge, "and I shall now submit the evidence, such as it is, to the careful consideration of the jury, without argument."

This proved a bitter disappointment to Overbaron, for if he had been a little awkward in examining the witnesses, he hoped to have prepared all and shed immortal luster upon his name in a long, brilliant and conclusive argument and summary of the evidence.

"In submitting this case to you for your verdict, gentlemen of the jury," continued the judge, "I hope you will confine yourselves strictly to the testimony, and let no outside matters or prejudices influence you in the least. You will also bear in mind that there were some confusions in the evidence as to dates, and make such deductions and allowances as will ultimately lead you to the primary truth of the whole. Do not be in a hurry. A human life is in the balance. Give the prisoner the benefit of your doubts where such is admissible, and render a verdict in accordance with the testimony that you have heard."

Having thus been charged, the jury retired for deliberation. The greatest anxiety and suspense now prevailed. Many and various were the conjectures as to the result of the trial. Men gathered here and there in little groups to discuss the matter. Some faces wore an indifferent look, others deep anxiety. Some eyes looked upon the prisoner with a light of revenge and triumph shining from their depths, others with the deepest, heartfelt sympathy.

The jury was not out over half an hour, and their return was attended with a general rush for the court-room. A deep and deadly silence followed, when the judge propounded the usual questions to the jury regarding the rendition of their verdict. These being answered in the affirmative, he rose to announce the verdict to the prisoner, and the breathless throng around him.

Octavia St. Kenelm clasped her trembling hands upon her heart to still its wild throbings, as in a calm, measured tone he read these words:

"We, the undersigned jurors, in the case where-as the Territory of New Mexico versus Robert B. Conrad, alias Red Rob, the Boy Road-agent, find the said Red Rob guilty of the crime of highway robbery."

To this verdict followed the names of the jurors.

To be continued—commenced in No. 264.)

The Terrible Truth: THE THORNHURST MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE
WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CO-
RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CRUSOE'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I am the three-term president
Of all that I survey,
There's none my civil rights disputes
And no one to obey;

I'm army, navy, people, too;
And so I have my way.

Free in this Isle my breath I breathe
With neither fear nor foe,
The world come to ask me for a loan
When finances are low;

No fears of breach of promise suits—
Oh, no, sir, not for Joe!

If I should slip up in the way
There are none to laugh at me;
No organ-grinders at my door
A-grounding out a fee,

And no piano opposite
Bombarding furiously.

My neighbor doesn't fly on me
Whether he himself may thrive,
Nor hover man by saying I
Am the meanest man alive.

I do not look for my wife's aunt
On each train to arrive.

I'm not compelled to bar the door
To peddlers peddling books;
I'm not waked up before the dawn
By most impatient cooks;

And here my old plug hat answers well
Despite the dents and crooks.

The luxury of being dinner,
Of course comes in mine;
I make the sailor's little bill;
The washerwoman's whine;

No butcher hammers at my door,
And yet I don't repine.

So through a tranquil path I go,
And live an even life;
My wife she never scolds me much—
I do the second, my wife.

And as I've seen such, and by myself most
Of the time and solitary a good deal
And nobody near at all,
I'm far removed from strife.

LEAVES
From a Lawyer's Life.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

XII.—The Counterfeiter's Den.

The day was warm and sultry, one of those soft and dreamy July afternoons, too warm in the glaring sun, but so charming to sit in the house with the windows open and a gentle breeze passing through.

Such was our court-room on that afternoon, and, as I had no special business to employ my mind, I secured an easy chair, and with my feet resting on a convenient table, settled myself to listen to the humdrum suit that was being heard by a sleepy jury.

I love to sit in the presence of the concourse of people that a trial sometimes brings together. Here I can indulge my propensity for reading faces, and studying the characteristics of men as shown in their looks and actions. It has all the charm for me that a novel has for others, and many an hour have I thus whiled away with both pleasure and profit.

And again, there is much to be learned by giving attention to the many intricate questions and points of law that develop in the course of a legal investigation.

The case in progress was a tedious and lengthy one, full of dry facts and legal fictions, and a large number of witnesses were in attendance. So I soon lost all interest in the subject matter of the controversy, and gave myself up to the study of the many queer specimens of humanity that surrounded me.

Thus I sat, communing with myself, and as completely isolated from the buzzing throng of people as though I was the only occupant of that large room.

A touch on my shoulder drew my mind from its train of thoughts, and without moving my carefully poised head I saw a stranger standing at my side. He was a young man, smooth-faced and effeminate in appearance, and his dress and manner exhibited a peculiar jauntiness.

I motioned him to a seat near me, which he appropriated, and leaning over toward me he whispered, cautiously:

"You are Lawyer Smith, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, Smith is my name," I answered, gazing intently into his handsome face, until his eyes dropped in confusion.

Our conversation was carried on in a low tone, so as to avoid disturbing the proceedings, or attracting attention from others.

"My name is Russell," he said, by way of introduction, "and I have sought you out at the request of an aged relative who desires your presence and legal advice."

"Yes, certainly, sir. We will go to my office so we can converse undisturbed."

"No need of that, Mr. Smith, I can tell you what is wanted. Are you acquainted with Judson Mayhew?"

"Mayhew! Judson Mayhew—yes, I recall an old gentleman of that name, it strikes me. Does he not live over in the Carver neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir, that's the man; he lives a few miles out of town. I am commissioned by him to bring you to his bedside at once, as he is not long for this world."

"Indeed! Wants a will drawn, I suppose, or some advice concerning the estate."

"Yes, that is it. He desires you to draw his will."

"Immediately!"

"Yes, as soon as you can come."

"Then I will go at once, as soon as I can obtain writing materials from my office."

"No need of that," said the stranger, rising and placing a delicate, gloved hand on my arm; "time is too precious, and we have all necessary materials at hand. Come with me at once to my carriage."

"So delighted was I at the pleasant ride that I took no note of the summer scenery as we passed along, and almost before I was aware we drew up at the roadside.

Yonder, among the leafy forest trees, loomed the dreary pile of stone, looking to me like some huge castle of feudal times. The surroundings added to the medieval appearance, and had some grim knight in clanking armor advanced to bid us welcome I would not have been the least surprised.

I followed the young man up the long, shaded path until we reached the gloomy pile, and putting a key into a massive door, he pushed it open and entered, bidding me follow.

We ascended a broad stairway, our footsteps echoing through the house with a hollow sound, and at the top my guide opened another door and bade me enter, saying that he would repair to the sick chamber and announce my presence.

When the door closed upon me, I found myself in a large, dark apartment, the only light coming from cracks in the huge wooden shutters that closed up the windows. Seating myself in a heavy, carved chair I waited patiently for his return.

Moments sped away, and becoming tired of the dreary and chilling gloom I set out to explore the room. I found the furniture of the same heavy, carved style, and stopped to view a large painting that hung against the wall, the feeble rays of light barely lighting up the dark canvas.

Suddenly a heavy hand was placed over my mouth, and strong arms encircled me, lifting me as if I was a mere child. A bandage was bound over my eyes and a voice, in a hoarse whisper, bade me make no noise but follow where I was led.

Resistance was useless, and I could but obey. A hand clasped one of mine and led me on, while a strong grasp on my other arm told me that I was in the power of several persons, and whether for good or evil remained for me to learn.

On we went, down creaking stairways, while heavy doors opened in front and closed with ominous clang as we passed through. And now my boots echoed over a stone floor, and the air seemed damp and chilling.

We halted, and my hands were tied firmly behind me, and then the bandage was taken from my eyes. I found myself in a large and gloomy apartment, looking like a dungeon cell, the bare stone walls reflecting the light of a sickly taper that flickered on a small table.

I was surrounded by masked figures, and for a moment an oppressive silence pervaded the room.

At length I resolved to speak, and my words seemed to fall to silence as they issued from my lips.

"What means this outrage?" I demanded. "By what authority, and for what crime am I thus deprived of liberty?"

"Hal ha!" laughed a woman's voice, as a slight and beautiful female stepped in front of me.

I instantly recognized my guide, by whose white tongue I had been thus beguiled.

"Humph! Russell, eh?"

Again a merry peal of laughter rung out, but hushed again as if unable to penetrate the dead, damp walls.

die, I would be brave and watchful to the very last.

"Let the chief be called!" commanded the woman; and at her bidding a masked figure disappeared in the gloom at the far end of the room, I knew not where.

Implements of the counterfeiter's trade were scattered about the room, and on a bench near by was piled the light coin their skillful hands had made.

Soon from out the darkness two figures appeared, and one of them advanced toward me, removing the mask that hid his features, and he was the forger, William Frank.

He bowed, mockingly, as he said: "Happy to meet Lawyer Smith again. It has been some time since we parted."

"Yes," I answered, resolved to meet his sarcasm in kind; "how did you get out of State prison, William?"

His face clouded with anger, and he replied: "Not by any of your valuable assistance, sir."

Then turning to the woman, he added: "It is your game, Zella; you have done well; what shall be done with him?"

Pointing to the stone floor beneath her feet, she replied:

"To the lowest pit. Starvation!" and casting a glance of fiercest hate at me, she waved her hand.

"Silence and Gloom, your duty!" commanded the chief, and two of the shrouded figures advanced to take me.

"Hands off!" I yelled, springing toward the astonished ruffians, who, for an instant, quailed at my sudden move.

But again they advanced and sought to seize me. With a wild, fierce plunge I kicked at the foremost.

A crash followed.

"Hello!" exclaimed a familiar voice; "what is the matter, Smith?"

Mr. Smith, nothing much, only that I had kicked over a table loaded with books and inkstands, just as the sheriff had adjourned court, and shook me to rouse me from the nap into which I had fallen.

The expression of truth is simplicity.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of these below.

Frank sincerity, though no invited guest, is free to all, and brings his welcome with him.



There, framed in the open window, his clothing torn and bloody, stood Gabriel Wallace.

The Mad Lover.

BY C. D. CLARK.

"At your service, Mr. Smith," she said, courteous to me.

"Explain, woman!" I shouted; "what is the meaning of your conduct?"

"Calm yourself, Mr. Smith. Don't get excited. You have come to draw a will. Had you not better draw your own now?"

"Unprincipled wretch!" I fairly yelled, with rage.

"It's no use, my dear sir; calling hard names will not mend matters. By the way, you don't seem to recognize me, and yet I am an old acquaintance of yours."

"You have mistaken your man; I never saw you before," I exclaimed, angrily.

"Ah, indeed! Well, let me see; let me test your memory. Do you recollect the time you assisted in prosecuting one William Frank, for forgery?"

"William Frank? Certainly I do, and the villain is now serving his time in the State prison."

"Do you recollect the woman who plead with you in his behalf, and from whom you turned in derision?"

"His wife? Oh, yes, I recollect," and as I recited the incident to mind, I gazed earnestly into the face of the woman before me, and saw the spirit of a very fiend concealed behind the mask of a beauty that seemed almost angelic.

"I see you remember me now, Mr. Smith. I once kneeled before you in supplication, and you turned away; now my turn has come, and you shall yet humble yourself before me, and beg for mercy."

"Never, you peril of perdition!" I said, resolved to show no fear, come what might.

"We'll see—we'll see. You are now the guest of the greatest gang of counterfeiters in this country. Our guests are well cared for, and are never heard to complain. Your old friend, William Frank, my husband, shall have the pleasure of returning certain favors which he one time received at your hands."

"I resolved to remain silent and not try to argue with the cold-hearted witch."

"Come, Mr. Smith, your will. You will have plenty allowed you to make it. You shall have plenty of witnesses," she taunted.

But I assumed a stolid look of indifference, and the tigress observing it, began to rave and hurl invectives at me.

Meantime the crowd of masked figures had formed in a semicircle around the little table, and I was left standing alone.

I glanced around the bare apartment in the hope of finding some passage open for escape, but all was a blank. Besides my hands were securely tied, and I worked in vain to free them. No use, I must give way to the inevitable, and accept whatever fate they had in store for me.

And then came the thought—when would I be missed? Nobody knew that I had left town with this disguised woman, and all search would be in vain. Great beads of sweat stood upon my brow at the thought, and my heart seemed to be in my throat. But I would not give up so without a struggle. If I was to

Roland, and thought that he would outwit his pursuers. As the small "army" disappeared in the woods, followed by a larger army of urchins, she sank down into a large chair, and took up her work. She tried to forget, but her thoughts would wander, and the work dropped idly on her lap.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried a voice at the window.

"Look here, Agnes Dane; look at me!"

She started from her chair, holding her work in her right hand, while her left was lifted, as if to ward off an appalling vision. There, framed in the open window, his clothing torn and bloody, his hair matted with blood, and his eyes glaring wild and savage from beneath his shaggy brows, stood Gabriel Wallace, the track of Roland's bullet yet to be seen along his skull.

Was the man mad?

A single glance was enough to show that, and Agnes started back, with a look of horror on her sweet face.

"They are after him!" he hissed. "I tried to run him down last night, but he was too much for me. Ha, ha, ha! The boys will hang him when they catch him, and I shall laugh when I think that another man dies for my crime. Come, come, come! Why do you wait, when you know that I have no time to lose?"

"What do you want here?" she demanded.

"I want you!" he answered, springing in at the open window, with all the activity of a madman. "I've come for you while the men are away. We'll lead a mad life and a merry one under the bending boughs."

"Keep off!" she screamed. "I will call for help."

"Call," he answered, with his mad laugh. "There is no one to answer, for the strong men are out in the woods, on the hunt for Roland. Come, come, come! What? You will not go?"

He clasped her suddenly in his strong arms, lifted her as if she had no weight, and leaped out at the window. A horse was standing in the shelter of the house; he sprang into the saddle, and burst out of the village, with a yell which made the startled women think that the days of the old Indian warfare had come again. They ran out of their houses in alarm, to see the wild horse and wilder rider dash away rapidly, and some saw the white-robed figure which he held in his arms. He held her close to his beating heart, laughing wildly as he rode.

"Release me!" she pleaded, struggling with his strong arms.

"No, no, no! You are mine, for I claim you. My brain is all on fire, since his bullet struck me. I am mad; I am mad!"

"Help, help!" cried Agnes. "For God's sake, give me your aid!"

Her call was answered, for they heard the rapid beat of hoofs, and a black horse bounded suddenly into view, bearing upon his back the hunted man, Roland West! The madman uttered a shrill cry of rage, and urged on his horse with his knife-point. Roland, equally

fierce, bending forward in the saddle, with his pistol ready, rode as he never rode before. Both were well mounted and famous horsemen, but the good steed which Gabriel Wallace bestrode was carrying nearly a double weight. Two hundred feet in the rear rode Roland, his teeth set, his eyes shining, gaining foot by foot as he rode.

"I'll have you!" he shouted. "Give her up, and take mercy at my hands."

"I ask no mercy!" was the reply. "Fool! Do you not know that I will kill her, sooner than suffer her to fall into your hands? Do you know what I will do? I will ride over High Rock, and we will die together."

He cheered his horse sharply, and dashed to the left, with another of those wild yells which could only come from the lips of a madman. Roland West knew that he was mad, and also knew his terrible purpose. He would ride with Agnes over the High Rock, a cliff two hundred feet high, and